

CABINET DISCUSS REPLY TO GERMAN NOTE

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

SEASIDE LIBEL: TWELVE MONTHS' SENTENCE



Miss Swann leaving the court after being sentenced. Inset is her father, Mr. Edward Swann, who was a witness at the hearing yesterday.

The Littlehampton letter libel case came to an end yesterday, when Miss Edith Emily Swann was found guilty of sending a libellous and obscene letter through the post and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Mrs. Emma Rose Gooding, Miss Swann's neighbour, had previously been imprisoned on a similar charge and released.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mrs. Gooding with her children. Her innocence was established after five months.



Mr. W. C. Cartwright (left) and Mr. W. E. Bowler, both of the G.P.O., who were witnesses in the case.



The Duke and Duchess, with Lady (Arthur) Pearson, admiring one of the donkeys.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT FRESH AIR FUND OUTING



The Duke and Duchess of York among the children with Sir Neville Pearson.

The Duke and Duchess of York paid a visit to the Fresh Air Fund at Loughton (Essex) yesterday, and spent over an hour with Sir Neville and Lady Arthur Pearson among the children in the forest. They joined in the fun provided for the little guests, and re-



The Duchess of York at the coconut shy while the Duke waits his turn.

ceived a warm welcome as they walked among the happy throng or stopped to try their luck at the sideshows and to admire the donkeys on which the children were enjoying holiday rides.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

12 MONTHS FOR MISS SWANN.

End of Libel by Post Drama at Littlehampton.

JUDGE'S COMMENT.

"Hard to Believe She Is in Her Right Mind."

Found guilty of maliciously publishing a defamatory libel concerning the Littlehampton sanitary inspector, and also for sending an indecent article through the post, Miss Edith Emily Swann, thirty-two, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at Lewes Assizes yesterday.

This marks another step in the mystery of the libellous letters which have troubled Littlehampton for two years.

Mr. Justice Avory, addressing the prisoner after the verdict, said it was difficult to believe that she could be in her right mind.

"My lord, I am a perfectly innocent woman," said the prisoner, when she heard the sentence.

"I can only act upon the verdict of the jury," replied the Judge.

PRISONER'S DENIALS.

Sanitary Inspector Makes Complaint About Ashes in Garden.

When the Court adjourned on Wednesday evening the case for the prosecution had been completed, evidence having been given of the sale of two postage stamps specially marked in invisible ink to the prisoner. Evidence was also given of the posting of two letters by prisoner, one addressed to a sister near Woking, and the other addressed in pencil to the local sanitary inspector, containing the words which formed the subject of the second charge.

The stamps on each of the envelopes when developed disclosed the marking made by a G.P.O. official.

The defendant went into the witness-box yesterday, and said she purchased some insurance stamps and two three-halfpenny stamps at the Beach Post Office from Mrs. Baker on June 23.

Later in the evening she wrote a letter to her father's daughter to her sister, Mrs. Thompson, at Cranleigh, Surrey. After she had written it and her father had read it she sealed and stamped it, posting it the next morning at the Beach Post Office.

About 4.30 the same afternoon she wrote another letter to her unmarried sister, at Cedar, near Woking, putting the second stamp on it, and posted it at the same place about half-past five.

Mr. Justice Avory (holding up the envelope addressed to the sanitary inspector): Is this your writing?—(Emphatically): No, sir.

Had you ever seen it before Mr. Bowler showed it to you?—No, sir. I had never seen it before, and it had never been in my hand.

LETTER NOT RECEIVED.

Witness had since written to her sister, Mrs. Thompson, asking if she had received the letter she posted on the Sunday morning, and she replied that she had not. When she posted it she noticed two gentlemen standing near.

Witness was confident she only posted one letter in the afternoon, and suggested that the one to the sanitary inspector must have got caught up.

The Judge: Is the letter to your sister in your ordinary handwriting?—Yes, sir.

Just look at the one to the sanitary inspector. Have you ever written like that?—Never, sir; never in the whole of my life.

Has the sanitary inspector ever made any complaints about your dustbox?—No, sir. He made a complaint about an accumulation of ashes in the garden.

Edward Swann, a grey-bearded, elderly man, said he had never heard his daughter use any bad language. On the Saturday evening his daughter wrote a letter to her sister, Mrs. Thompson, which he saw her stamp.

The Judge, summing-up, said that before the jury could possibly return a verdict against the defendant they must be satisfied that she posted the letter to the sanitary inspector, and that at the time she knew its contents.

Addressing the prisoner after the jury had returned their verdict, the Judge said it was difficult to believe that she could be in her right mind. He had to act upon the verdict of the jury, and, having regard to the history of the case, he must pass the severe sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.

DRASTIC SMALLPOX RULE.

There are now forty cases of smallpox at Kirkby, Notts, and twenty-five remain in hospital. Drastic steps are to be taken to ensure notification.

NOTED ACTOR DEAD.

Mr. Louis Calvert, Who Was at Lyceum with Irving.

HIS SHAVIAN CREATIONS.

New York, Thursday. The death is announced of the English actor, Louis Calvert.

Mr. Louis Calvert was born in Manchester in November, 1859, and made his first appearance when nineteen at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and his first appearance in England two years later.

Later he was with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, and the next year toured in the United States with Mrs. Langtry.

Thereafter Mr. Calvert divided most of his time between England and the United States, where he was a great favourite.

Mr. Calvert's repertoire was very large, and included Shakespearean and old comedy parts and the creations of Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie.

He wrote two books on his experiences as an actor.

WELSH M.P.'s DEATH.

Mr. T. A. Lewis, a Former Coalition-Liberal Whip.

Mr. T. A. Lewis, National Liberal M.P. for the University of Wales, has died suddenly at his home, St. Alban's Mansions, Kensington Court, as the result of a chill.

Mr. Lewis, who was in his forty-second year, only entered the House of Commons at the General Election of 1918, when he was returned for the Pontypridd Division as a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George. He acted as parliamentary private secretary to Captain F. B. Guest, and then became a Junior Lord of the Treasury, but was defeated at the resulting election.

At the last General Election he stood for the Welsh University, the figures being:—

T. A. Lewis (N.L.) 497
Sir E. J. Ellis-Griffith (L.) 451
Miss O. A. Wheeler (Ind.) 309

Mr. Lewis, who served in Salonika, was called to the Bar soon after he entered Parliament. He married in 1919 Miss Marjorie Culross, an Australian.

GAOL FOR DRUG-TAKER.

Three Years' Penal Servitude for Man Who Had Cocaine at Flat.

Sentence of three years' penal servitude was passed at the Central Criminal Court yesterday on Edgar Manning, aged thirty-seven, a West Indian, who said he was a member of a jazz band, for being in the possession of opium and cocaine at his flat.

Evidence was given that men and women were continually in Manning's flat in Lisson-street, W., that last year a man died there from an overdose of heroin believed to have been supplied by Manning, and that a woman died in her flat from cocaine, also believed to have been obtained from Manning.

It was stated that Manning was a drug taker and that he had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in connection with a drug case in the West End.

50-MILE SPEED IN DARK

£5 Fine on Motorist Who Dragged Soldier Fifty Yards.

Summoned at Chertsey for driving a motor-car in a dangerous manner, Edward Standish, of Camberley, was stated to have driven in the darkness at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with the occupants of the car yelling and shouting.

A soldier was knocked down and dragged fifty yards, being seriously injured.

Standish, who pleaded that he was dazzled by the headlights of another car, was fined £5.

HAPPY EVENT.

News Communicated to the Yugo-Slav Cabinet by Premier.

BELGRADE, Thursday. At to-day's Cabinet Council the Premier communicated an official intimation that a happy event was to be expected in the royal household within the next two months.

King Alexander was married on June 8, 1922, to Princess Marie of Rumania.—Reuter.

DAWN TO DUSK FLIGHT.

Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, who recently made an unsuccessful attempt to fly across the United States between dawn and dusk, started from New York yesterday morning on a second attempt, says Reuter.

PRIZE FOR BIG FAMILY.

At Lincolnshire Agricultural Show the first prize awarded to agricultural labourers for bringing up and placing out the greatest number of children was won by William Thornton, of Barnetby, father of seventeen children, thirteen of whom have been placed out.

AGE TESTS FOR TAXIS

Regulations to Discover the Crawling "Train-Losers."

"DAILY MIRROR" EFFORT.

Every motor-car presented for licensing within this Metropolitan Police area on and after September 10 will be tested regarding its engine capacity, its ability to travel twenty miles an hour without undue acceleration or "labouring" of the engine, and its ability to climb selected gradients at a speed of six miles an hour.

This is the first fruits of The Daily Mirror campaign for the abolition of obsolete cabs from London streets.

The question is whether the Commissioner of Police is introducing sufficiently stringent regulations to rid the streets of the taxi which misses trains with unfailing regularity, and which adds still further to the traffic congestion by its faltering and shuddering progress?

It is estimated that there are 1,500 obsolete cabs on the London streets. The drivers of these, who, in most cases, are also the owners, consider that the new licensing regulations are more than sufficient.

Other authorities, however, regard them as childish.

"Everybody realises that the Police Commissioner's hand was forced by the campaign raised by The Daily Mirror over this matter some time ago," said one expert yesterday. "I doubt, however, whether he has gone far enough."

"The provision that a cab must be able to climb a hill at six miles an hour is well, I ask you!"

"Even the most dilapidated bone-rattler should be able to accomplish this feat."

The obsolete cab invariably belongs to a private owner. Many of them are ex-Service men, and there is no deal of unnecessary sentiment on this score."

COCONUT FOR DUCHESS.

Duke of York Beaten by Wife in Throwing Contest.

The Duke and Duchess of York yesterday paid a visit to nearly a thousand children who had been taken to Loughton for a day in the country by the Pearson Fresh Air Fund.

The Royal visitors were conducted through Epping Forest, and as they reached the open space they were greeted with an outburst of cheering from the children.

Both the Duke and Duchess tried their luck at a coconut shy, the Duke being unsuccessful, but the Duchess securing a nut at her third attempt.

At Loughton House, the headquarters of the Fresh Air Fund, the Duchess was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses by little Rosie Ryan, from Victoria Docks.

MAN WITH DOG'S NERVE.

Famous Surgeon's Wonderful Operation on Human Arm.

How he took the fresh nerve of a dog and grafted it on the human nerve in a man's arm had good results was told by Dr. Gosset, of Paris, at the Congress of the International Society of Surgery, which is being held in London.

Dr. Gosset, who said that during the past ten years he had performed a great number of nerve operations, explained that in the case of the grafting of the dog's nerve on a man sensibility was obtained in 148 days and power of movement in 340 days.

The lessons of war surgery, he pointed out, tended more and more to favour prompt operations.

LUNATIC AT LARGE.

Woman Fined for Taking Charge of Man Who Escaped Later.

For taking charge of a lunatic for payment in an unlicensed house, Mrs. A. Wiebel Rees, of St. John's Park, N.W., was fined £2 and twenty guineas costs at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

The facts, as stated by the prosecution, were that the Board of Control consented to Herbert F. Dray, the lunatic in question, who was about 6ft. 5in. in height, being transferred from Bethlem Hospital to his father's address at Stoke Newington. He was taken, however, to Mrs. Rees' house, and the reward paid to her was between £500 and £1,000 a year.

Mrs. Rees engaged a man named Chaplin to look after him, and, according to Chaplin, the lunatic tried to throttle him, attacked him with a stick, made several other violent attacks upon him, and even tried to take his own life. He escaped and was found knocking at the door of Bethlem.

He had now escaped again, and was still at large.

BISHOP'S FUNERAL DELAYED.

The funeral of Dr. Watts Ditchfield, Bishop of Chelmsford, was delayed for an hour yesterday owing to many clergy being held up by an accident on the Great Eastern Railway at Sharnhall. The guard's van of a goods train was derailed and jolted along the permanent way with a broken wheel for some distance.

DART-THROWING THRILLS IN KENT.

Mighty Contest on Broomfield Village Green.

WORLD CHALLENGE.

Champions Straight from Fields Wage Great Struggle.

England may fail at golf, tennis and cricket, but, judging by the wonderful contest just held at Broomfield, a little village near Herne Bay, it may safely defy the world in the matter of dart-throwing.

The great East Blean competition was won by Richard Curtis, of Hoath, who received a cup presented by Valentine, the famous novelist, and a prize of two guineas.

There were many speculations on the village green on the probable winner. "Old Jim," a tried and seasoned champion, was compared critically with "Young Bill," distinguished for his "nerve" and accuracy.

The excitement was intense as, amid the most picturesque surroundings under a shady chestnut tree, the thrilling contest was waged.

OLD JEM'S "FLICK."

Quick Triumph for Young Man Badly Wounded in the War.

From Our Special Correspondent.

THE men of Kent, who have played darts for generations, are willing to challenge America, Australia, South Africa or any other country at dart-throwing, and are confident of victory.

A picturesque village green, with the Huntsman and Horn Inn on one side and a pond on the other—such was the old-world setting of the East Blean Dart Competition.

The four boards or targets, on which the great match was fought, were suspended under a big shady chestnut tree.

Forty-four men—all expert "artists"—came to Broomfield from the surrounding villages to enter for the competition.

Many walked in straight from their work on the fields.

"I see old Jim he here," I overheard one competitor say to another. "He be mighty handy with the dart." "Ay," said the other, shaking his head. "He'll make some of the young 'uns sit up, I lay."

"There's nobody quite got his flick," interposed an old man, chewing a straw.

A HUSHED SILENCE.

In a hushed silence the great match began. It was a "knock-out" contest, each game being for 301 up. With wonderful swiftness the players scored their points, the exact number having to be registered and the last throw having to be a double.

At last there were only eight men left in the competition. The four men—or rather three men and a boy—who won this heat were:—

Richard Curtis, of Hoath, Dickie Wells, of Beaulieu, E. Marshall, of Chislehurst, Jim Scriven, of Wandsworth.

The excitement was now intense, Jim Scriven seemed to be the "favourite," but he fell before Curtis, and Marshall, the boy, lost to Wells. Dickie Wells and Curtis now faced one of the darts boards for the championship.

The great match began—it finished in a quick triumph for Curtis, a young countryman of twenty-five who was badly wounded in the war.

The second prize was a guinea, and the two "runners-up" received half-a-guinea each.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Wind S.W. or W., light or moderate; cloudy periods; risk of a little rain or drizzle. Lightening time, 10.4 p.m.

Bather Drowned.—Bert Brown, of Chatham, fourteen, was drowned in the Medway while bathing at Rochester.

Brixton Taxicab Murder.—Alexander Mason, sentenced to death for the Brixton taxi murder, will be executed at Wandsworth on August 1.

Living Union Jack.—A living Union Jack formed of thousands of children will be a feature of to-morrow's Primrose League fete at the Crystal Palace.

Happiness.—The most lasting form of happiness was that inward sense of satisfaction that came from a piece of work well done.—Sir S. Russell-Wells, M.P.

Sixty Years Wedded.—Mr. and Mrs. Cannings, of Three Sires Oak-road, Bearwood, Birmingham, celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on July 27.

Rejected Immigrants.—Over 520 British subjects in the s.s. Baltic at New York will be admitted to the U.S.A., the number being deducted from the August quota.

From Jerusalem Graves.—Flowers picked by Mrs. Stephenson, wife of Major-general Stephenson, from the graves of Essex soldiers at Jerusalem have been sent to the relatives of the dead.

Wounding Charge.—Leopold Knibbs, twenty-three, was remanded at Windsor yesterday charged with wounding with intent by murdering Margaret Lilian Robson, aged sixteen, who had refused to marry him.

CABINET REACHES NO DECISION ON DRAFT NOTE

Three Documents Considered at Meeting That Lasted Over Two Hours.

STORY OF GERMAN EFFORTS IN LONDON.

"Willing to Capitulate if Britain Asks France to Relax Her Occupation of the Ruhr."

For over two hours yesterday the Cabinet discussed the Note to Germany and two accompanying documents. No decision was reached.

It is now believed that these documents, the texts of which are being kept secret, may not be sent to the Allies till next week. Lord Curzon had a prolonged conversation with the Premier at No. 10, Downing-street.

Asked in the Commons yesterday when he would be in a position to publish the text of the draft Note, Mr. Baldwin replied: "I cannot yet say."

The French Foreign Office declares that the Germans are offering in London to capitulate if Britain asks France to change the character of the Ruhr occupation.

NOTE MAY NOT BE SENT BIGGER ADMIRALTY FOR UNTIL NEXT WEEK. SMALLER NAVY.

Lord Curzon's Long Talk with the Premier. One Official for Every 28 Fighting Sailors.

GERMAN "NEGOTIATIONS." M.P.'S. SINGAPORE PROTEST.

It was learned last night that at yesterday's Cabinet at 10, Downing-street three documents were under consideration—the proposed reply to Germany, the covering Note to the Allies and the United States, and a general explanatory memorandum—all of which were drawn up by Lord Curzon.

The Foreign Secretary returned to 10, Downing-street after the Cabinet and had a prolonged conversation with the Prime Minister.

It is not known whether another meeting of the Cabinet will be held to give further consideration to the documents or whether the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have formed a Cabinet Committee for the purpose of putting the final touches to the British Note.

The French Ambassador called at the Foreign Office during the afternoon, presumably with the intention of discussing the British reply, but as Lord Curzon was engaged he was received by Sir Eyre Crowe, Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

NEW FRENCH PLAN.

On the whole it would not be very surprising if the dispatch of the British Note to the Allies and the United States were possibly to be deferred until next week.

Meanwhile a new French plan to secure an Allied understanding has been suggested by the Matin.

This newspaper proposes that the Allies should postpone to some later date the settlement of the total problem of German debts.

For the time being the only thing to be handled, it suggests, should be the amount required to repair the devastated region—that is to say, 26 to 30 milliard gold marks for France and 4 to 5 milliard gold marks for Belgium, to which an amount would be added in the form of annuities to England to wards the amount due by her to the United States.

ARRANGING REPAYMENT.

In this way 35 to 40 milliard gold marks would be reached for ten or fifteen years to come and it would only be after this delay that measures would be taken to decide what Germany could then pay for her war debt towards Britain and the United States.

Finally, adds the Matin, England would join the other Allies in signifying to Germany that the continuation of passive resistance renders impossible any modification of occupation.

Our Army of Occupation.—Mr. Baldwin, in the Commons yesterday, said the total strength of British troops in occupied German territory on June 1 was 477 officers and 8,221 other ranks. The annual cost was £1,622,000. Great Britain was still receiving from the operation of the Reparations Recovery Act more than sufficient to cover the cost of her army of occupation.

GERMAN MOVE IN LONDON.

Promising to Capitulate if Britain Asks France for Ruhr Changes.

PARIS, Thursday. The Foreign Office learns that Germany is negotiating in London and promising that it will capitulate if England asks her to, and at the same time requests France to reduce the troops in the Ruhr and change the character of the occupation, allowing a German civil administration in the occupied territory.

The Foreign Office points out, however, that France will not hold out any inducements to Germany to obtain a cessation of passive resistance.—Exchange.

BIGGER ADMIRALTY FOR SMALLER NAVY.

One Official for Every 28 Fighting Sailors.

M.P.'S. SINGAPORE PROTEST.

Describing the Admiralty as an extravagant and demoralising department, Mr. George Lambert pointed out in the Commons yesterday that, in 1914, there were 2,000 officials at the Admiralty, with 146,000 officers and fighting men.

On June 1 this year the number of officials at the Admiralty was 3,555, whereas the personnel was reduced to about 99,000 men.

Mr. Lambert opened a debate on a vote of £1,280,400 for the Admiralty by moving to reduce the vote by £100. He pointed to the striking proportions of the pre-war and post-war figures.

In 1914 there was one official to seventy-five fighters, and to-day there was one official to twenty-eight fighting sailors. The Admiralty had laid a broad and deep foundation for future expenditure.

STATIONS EVERYWHERE.

They had established stations all over the world, every one of which must require defence in the time of war.

Last year they had great hopes of the Washington Conference. They went into it, and they never said a word to the Conference that they proposed to establish a naval base 350 miles from a protected area.

True, there was no obligation to communicate their intention, but he said they should not have kept the ace of Singapore up their sleeves. In this matter the Admiralty had been over-clever and over-elaborate did not answer in these great international matters. The very basis of such a treaty as that which was the outcome of the Washington Conference must be confidence, and trust, and goodwill, he added, and concealment in these matters was inconsistent with the best traditions of British statesmanship.

He asked the House to compel the Government to pause in this policy, to give the Washington Treaty a chance, and give breathing space to the Angel of Peace.

If we proceeded with the construction of the new base, continued Mr. Lambert, we should be leading in a new race for armaments. The base was only necessary in contemplation of a war with Japan.

"WOOLLY THINKING."

If, then, they contemplated a war with Japan, why did they sign the Washington treaty? It was inconceivable that the British Grand Fleet could be sent 10,000 miles to Singapore to destroy the Japanese fleet. The whole thing was a piece of woolly thinking.

Commander Burney denied that the base at Singapore was a violation of either the spirit or the letter of the Washington treaty. He believed that a combination of the airship and the aeroplane would eventually eliminate the floating battleship, but in any case Singapore was vital for the defence of Australia and our eastern trade.

Captain Hay, supporting the motion for the reduction, suggested that they would require two thousand artillery and a like number of infantry to protect Singapore on land. He said Rear-Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt repudiated a suggestion by Mr. Lambert that Singapore was unhealthy.

Mr. Kirkwood: Were you living there under the conditions of an Admiral?

Sir Guy Gaunt: Never on your life, my man. (Laughter.) I was living there as a junior lieutenant on a cruiser. The hardest life you can have.

FATAL ROAD SMASH.

Mr. Charles Mead, thirty-five, a surveyor, house agent and tax collector, at Mannington, has died from injuries received when his motor-cycle was in collision with a friend's car.



Edgar Manning, a West Indian, sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years for traffic in drugs.

Sir Adrian Pollock, whose re-election as Chamberlain of the City of London has just been announced.

THE KING TO SAIL YACHT IN RACE FROM SOUTHEAST.

Motor-Car Trip To-day to Join the Britannia.

NIGHT AT SEA.

The King will motor to Southend to-day and to-morrow he will sail his yacht Britannia in a race from Southend to Harwich. Southend is preparing a great welcome.

Very short notice has been given of the visit, owing to the King's wish that it shall be a purely private one.

The journey from London will be made by motor-car—through Brentwood, Billericay, Wickford, Rayleigh, and Eastwood—and on arrival at Southend the King will be taken to the pierhead by a special car on the miniature railway.

The night will be spent aboard the yacht Victoria and Albert, which, with the Britannia, is coming from Deal.

The Britannia is also taking part in the big yacht race at Southend on Wednesday.

GERMANY'S MARK.

Fresh Low Record of 1,500,000 to the £ Reached Yesterday.

The feature of the Foreign Exchange market yesterday was the further decline in German marks to 1,500,000 to the £—a fresh low record. French and Belgian francs were much better at 77.65 and 94.30 respectively.

CLEVER GIRL'S RISE.

Daughter of Caretaker Obtains Degree of B.Sc. at Manchester.

Miss Marion Hayes, daughter of the caretaker of Oldham education offices, has obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science at Manchester University.

She has been studying at the university on a scholarship won when a pupil at Oldham municipal secondary school. She has also won the Leblanc Medal in bacteriological chemistry.

RUM-RUNNING HOLD-UP?

Negro Captain Admits Having 1,800 Cases of Whisky on Board.

BOSTON, Thursday. The Federal Court has remanded on bail of \$750 for hearing next month the negro captain of the British schooner Kadusack, which the coastguard cutter Osipiec seized twenty-five miles off Cape Ann and towed in here.

It is alleged that the captain participated in a rum-running conspiracy near Bar Harbour last September. He pleaded not guilty, but admitted that the schooner, when seized by the Osipiec, had on board 1,800 cases of whisky and gin consigned from Trinidad to St. Pierre et Miquelon.

The Kadusack is still in harbour here, and whether she will be permitted to take her cargo to St. Pierre is still undecided.—Reuter.

£140,000 PEARL LOSS.

Parcel of Gems Worth £14,000 Found to Contain Only Tinsel.

A firm of City pearl brokers has lost £140,000 through pearl thefts, it was stated at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Steven Bonchi pleaded guilty to stealing a bunch of pearls valued at £14,000 from Benjamin James Warwick and others.

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., said the defendant was entrusted by the firm with pearls to the value of £14,000. He came back, saying he had had an offer, but he could not find the money for a time, and handed back a parcel tied and sealed.

Messrs. Warwick placed it in their safe, but when they opened the parcel there was nothing inside but a few bits of tinsel.

"My clients alone," added Sir Edward, "have lost something like £140,000, but that does not represent anything like all the transactions." Sentence was postponed to the next Sessions.

UNION'S PROPOSAL TO DOCK STRIKERS.

To Reopen Wages Question If They Start Work.

HOPES OF PEACE SOON.

Liverpool Workers Back Following Leaders' Advice.

Hopes of peace in the dockers' strike in all ports before the end of the week became stronger yesterday in official quarters, although there were no very definite prospects of an immediate settlement.

Following a conference in London with leaders of the Transport Workers' Union, delegates from the strike areas in Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, and elsewhere have returned to advise the men to resume work on the understanding that immediately on their doing so the union leaders will negotiate with the employers to ensure a betterment of the men's conditions.

As a result of the consultations in London between the officials of the Transport and General Workers' Union and the representatives of the strikers, proposals have been made which, if accepted by the men, would ensure an early resumption of work in all the ports of the country.

The Union Executive met again in London yesterday. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the general secretary, expected the men to start work in the strike areas late in the afternoon, and expected also an announcement of great importance.

STRIKE LEADERS CHALLENGED.

When the members of the unofficial London dockers' strike committee met yesterday they were told by the official leaders of the men that they had no right to confer on Wednesday with the executive of the Transport Workers' Union.

They were further told that the men would only resume work on their own terms, whereupon the committee threatened to resign.

The spokesmen of the malcontents, alarmed at this, decided to co-opt themselves as members of the strike committee, and thus remodelled the committee back at work after interview yesterday with the union officials.

A large force of police was on duty at the Medland Wharf, Branch-road, Stepney, yesterday, protecting men who are unloading the converted German cruiser Sardinia, whose cargo is 2,000 cases of bananas.

The bananas are rapidly deteriorating, and the men are being paid 4s. an hour to unload the ship.

All meat carmen, porters and pitchers at Crydon wholesale meat market and cold storages resumed work yesterday, and many wholesalers have arranged to obtain their supplies there.

At Liverpool docks, it is stated, all the men have now resumed work. The Birkenhead men are expected to go back to-day.

TRANSPORT MEN GO BACK.

A large section of the road transport men returned to work yesterday.

It is learned that seven of the haulage firms out of the thirty in the London Cartage Association now have their men back at work.

At Smithfield yesterday all the meat supplies were got into the market without incident.

The President of the Tenants' Association stated that the supply of meat coming into the market was adequate, and at long last the trouble did not spread they would be able to carry on.

The situation at Covent Garden, where some of the porters were on strike, was also reported yesterday to be much better.

THE PRINCE IN SOMERSET.

To Visit Mr. Thomas Hardy To-day at Dorchester.

The old-world Somerset villages of Curry Mallet and Isle Brewers were gaily decorated yesterday in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales, who is Lord of the Manor of Curry Mallet, and who came to meet his tenants in both parishes.

At Curry Mallet the Prince received the tenants at Park Farm, and was presented by Miss Slade with a pink rose buttonhole, which she pinned on his coat.

Before proceeding to the next village the Prince stopped at the home of a legless soldier, Wallace Collard, son of the village wheelwright, and now a boot and shoe maker.

Mr. Collard, who has artificial legs, followed the royal visitation in cars to Isle Brewers on his motor-bicycle, which, with sidecar, he drives despite his disablement.

To-day the Prince will visit Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, at Max Gate, Dorchester.

ECHO OF MAINE DISASTER.

NEW YORK, Thursday.

The death is announced of Rear-Admiral Charles Dwight Sigbee, who was in command of the battleship Maine when she was blown up and destroyed in Kavan Harbour in 1898.

When war followed, he was promoted "for extraordinary heroism displayed during war with Spain, and on the occasion of the wreck of the Maine."—Reuter.



Two things:—

Cuticle made smooth—Nails polished

In only five minutes

At last there are only two very simple things to do to make your nails look professionally manicured. In five minutes' time, with a few swift movements of the hands, you can have the shapely, beautiful nails you have always desired.

First, you must never cut the cuticle. For when you use scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped in cotton wool, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers, and when drying them, push the cuticle carefully downwards. Your nail rims will remain beautifully smooth and even.

Then, for the polish without which no manicure is now complete, Cutex offers you polishes in every form you like. The brilliant lustre of the new

Cutex Powder Polish will last a week. The new Liquid Polish will give an instantaneous shine without buffing. Or the cake and paste polishes which are so convenient will bring out the natural shine and tint of the nails.

The Cutex Sets come in four convenient sizes: at 3/-, 6/-, 9/6 and 19/-. Or each article separately at 2/-. At all chemists, perfumers or stores.

The New Introductory Set

The dainty bijou Introductory Set contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, and Cuticle Cream (Comfort), sufficient for at least six manicures. Sent post free for 9d.—less than cost. Address: Northam Warren, 4 & 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

English Selling Agents: Henry C. Quelch & Co.

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The Lyons Teashop not only provides you with a cooling drink or a meal when you want it, but there is available a variety of good things you can take home. A ready-cooked Dish, a Dundee Cake, a Fruit Pie, a Box of Chocolates for example—all good things which will be appreciated at home—all to be obtained in any of Lyons' Teashops. There's one not far away.

Where you see **QUENCHIE** there is a **LYONS SODA FOUNTAIN**

Some suggestions from the tariff:

Phosphates 2d. & 4d. Sundaes - - - 8d.
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REMNANTS & ODDMENTS IN ALL DEPTS

Half Marked Price TO-DAY

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MANY EQUIVALENT TO QUARTER PRICE

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1923.

THE BRITISH REPLY.

WILL IT STILL FURTHER ASSIST GERMANY NOT TO PAY?

YESTERDAY the Cabinet met to "consider" the draft of the British Note in reply to Germany, as well as the covering letter to go with it to the Allies.

It is understood that individual members of the Cabinet had been given an opportunity of "considering" these documents earlier still. They have apparently been "discussed" "for days and days"—at least in their embryonic forms. And now they are being revised and completed and "considered" over again, before they are finally "considered" once more by those to whom they are directed.

All this care in phrasing will seem superfluous, we think, to the average man.

To him, as to our French friends, the matter hardly seems to call for such subtlety of statement.

The facts are plain. Germany pledged herself to pay. She has not paid. She will not pay, so long as our dilatory statesmen give her repeated opportunities of "considering" the situation.

We are often supposed to be a "nation of tradesmen"—or, if you like, of business men. Our French friends call us practical. But here they have certainly been more practical than we. They have gone straight to the point. They have entered the home of the unwilling debtor and are waiting until his obstinacy relents. It would have relented long ago, had we not stimulated Plutocrat Stinnes and his friends by failing to support our friends, who are the French.

We wait with anxiety to see how far the Government are going to assist Herr Stinnes still further, by again giving him time to "consider," and again promoting dissension with France. Meanwhile, the facts are as we state them.

MALICE BY LETTER.

HOW can we explain the mystery of those people who think it worth while to insult others by anonymous letters or postcards? A case just decided only illustrates once more a mania that is unfortunately fairly common.

Probably it is a case for the psychoanalyst.

The malice which thwarted and morbid souls cannot or dare not express openly, gets dangerously packed within them. They find a way to expression—the penny-half-penny post.

It is well that they should be reminded that this beneficent institution was not designed for the relief of their "repressions."

WEED OUT TAXICABS!

WE welcome with joy the announcement that "on and after September 10" there will be a test for taxicabs plying for hire in our streets.

For months past we have drawn attention to the lamentable rattlebox condition of many of these vehicles; and even suggested that there should be two sizes of fare, adapted to the two sorts of taxi—a lower fare for the sort that shakes the passenger to pieces, a higher for the taxi de luxe.

But, as things are at present, not only do the rattleboxes charge as much; they tend, by some mysterious dispensation, to be even more aggressive than the smarter type. The driver resembles the taxi. A broken vehicle seems to go with a fierce veteran on the box. You not only get shaken to pieces, but on arrival—if you ever arrive—you get bullied as well.

During the winter we hope that there will be a gradual elimination of these rickety boxes. What will become of their drivers? We hope that, provided with new cabs, they will be rejuvenated as weedy persons sometimes are by newer and cleaner clothes.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

A Sporting Costume for Women—Brighter Games—Traffic Problems—"Where Are You Going?"

A NEW "SPORTS" COSTUME?

PRESUMABLY trousers would be considered very unfeminine for our sports girl. They would at once be denounced by our Puritans. What, then, is the poor athletic girl to wear? I see nothing at all wrong with the costume she wears as it is. The short skirt, with plenty of fullness, is surely all that is wanted.

Probably our kilt-joys and puritanical cranks would rather see our sports girl dressed in ankle-length and tight-fitting skirts. Why not, by way of a change, leave the modern girl and her dress alone? ONE OF THEM.

THE CROWD'S COMMENTS.

MAY we never introduce the back-chat spirit into our sports!

I have watched baseball matches and American football games, and honestly believe that

THE RELIGIOUS SEX.

WITH reference to "A. P.'s" letter on "The Religious Sex," may I say that it is quite obvious that "A. P." is a member of "the stronger sex."

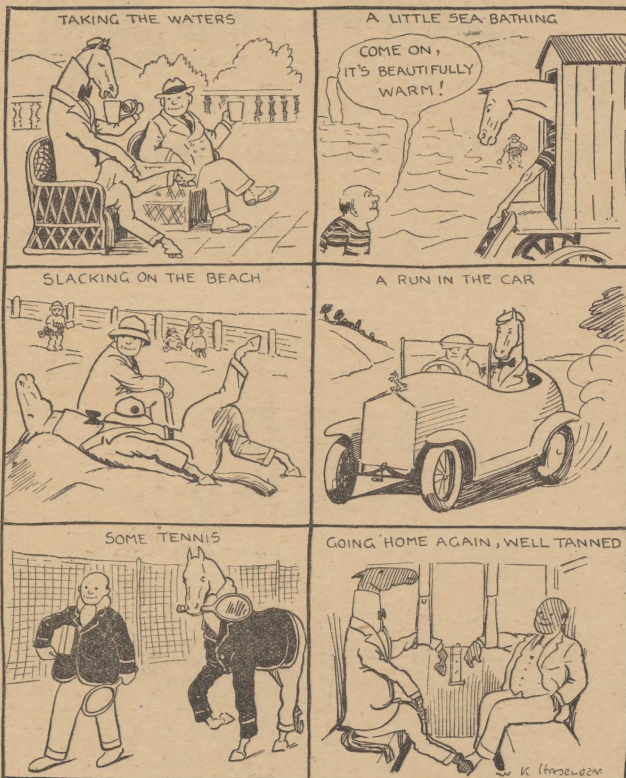
With regard to men having to work for their daily bread, might I ask if many women do not have to work just as hard; in fact, a great deal harder? FAIR SEX.

TOO MANY TAXIS?

HAS your correspondent, T. J. Wilson, ever tried boarding an omnibus from the suburbs to the City in the morning and back again at night during the hours when people go to and from business?

If not, I suggest that he attempts it on the Southgate and Victoria route. Despite the large number of buses on this route, both L.G.O.O.

THE RACEHORSE'S HOLIDAY CURE.



It was announced the other day that an owner ordered some of the waters from a famous "cure" resort for his pet racehorse. If this habit were extended it might brighten up our holiday resorts considerably!

the true spirit of the game is lost because of the caustic comments of the frenzied crowd.

In America the spectators howl with rage and disappointment if their side loses—not because they are bad sportsmen, but because they have worked themselves up to such a pitch that they must give vent to their feelings.

If our sports are staid, let them remain so. Staidness is preferable to rowdiness.

A LOVER OF GAMES.

IS CRICKET "STODGY"?

ONLY those who never play cricket can call it "stodgy."

If one can realise the fine points of the game and take a pleasure even in fielding, one understands why some men are so passionately devoted to this, the greatest and cleanest of all sports. T. P.

HOLIDAY PLANS.

CERTAINLY it's a nuisance to plan a holiday months ahead—at least, for lazy or tired people.

Those not so tired or lazy, however, find that these imaginary tours help them to get through the year's work.

PLEASURE IN ADVANCE.

MAY I remark that a much worse nuisance than the necessity of planning a holiday is the necessity of answering all the silly questions people put to me about one's plans?

"Where are you going this year?" During the closing weeks of the season one has to answer this query about six times a day.

F. T.

and private, one experiences great difficulty in getting on one of them.

On this particular route we have the Admiral Omnibus Company to thank for a "cut" in the fares, and in view of this, I venture to suggest that these buses are not being run at a loss.

Rather than inconvenience the general public by reducing the number of buses by 25 per cent., let us stop the taxis perambulating the streets. They are mainly responsible for the present state of chaos, and until some of them are removed no proper control can be exercised for the speeding up of traffic in general.

C. W. LLOYD.

THOSE LOVING PARENTS.

PASSING a hall in the suburbs the other evening, I noticed a poster announcing a display by some particular school of dancing.

As I love young children and admire any talent in them, I paid admission and got inside the hall. I was placed amongst a group of loving parents.

Every now and again a fond mother would turn to another and say: "That's my little Doris—in! she perfectly lovely!" and "There's that dreadful Mrs. So-and-so's child."

This sort of thing went on for over an hour. They would reach across me to have a little gossip.

I decided that I couldn't stand it any longer. Parents may well love their children and admire their efforts in dancing, but why annoy other people by continual chatter about them? The competition between proud mothers is amazing. Every woman thinks there is no child like her own.

OBSERVANT.

WHAT IS A BOOK FOR HOLIDAY READING?

CLASSICS OR BIG-SELLERS FOR A SEASIDE REST?

By RACHEL FERGUSON.

ALWAYS at about this time of year the brightly-jacketed magazines begin to burgeon into flowers of advertisement about "holiday reading," while the glass fronts of the lending libraries announce their contents as "books for the holidays."

Some day I propose to investigate these books. Because I want to know why, if a book is a good one, it should only be reserved for the deck-chair on the beach, the pier, the wet day in one's seaside "apartments," or for the train which draws one out of Victoria.

Why, in a word, is a "work" peculiarly suitable for the hot months? Do it and its author hibernate in the winter, like the humble, unnecessary tortoise?

"The classics," for some reason, are apparently no use for our holiday perusal; which is a pity, as half of us have not read enough of them and the other half reads the wrong sort of book in spare moments all the year round.

Who, for instance, ever invites us to sort out the enormous cast of characters in "Vanity Fair" as we keep one ear attentive to the Scottish Medley by the municipal orchestra? Who presses Dickens on us as a suitable companion to the deep-sea line and the gobblots of mackerel of our fishing forenoons?

Who, if it comes to that, ever suggests Carlyle's "French Revolution" as a soothing stopgap until the picnic kettle boils?

FREEDOM OF CHOICE.

Is there, then, something about a holiday which induces in the reader of books a temporary but definite mental inertia?

If this is so, it is surely a bit of an insult to those men and women novelists whose lot it seems to be annually to come under the "holiday reading" head. In the circumstances, if my publisher started putting me up as a mental Augustan sedative to his clients I should be tempted to place the matter in the hands of my solicitors! For I should feel that, in my case, it simply meant that I only turned out pabulum which assisted the digestion of prawns and lime-juice.

To so many men and women the summer holiday is the only real opportunity for any sort of sustained reading. This being an undeniable fact, it is surely a thousand pities that they are hypnotised in advance by the capricious or commercial ideas of others as to what they shall buy or hire to read.

If the classics of the world could be annually "boomed" as "holiday reading," we should all find that the masters (and mistresses) of fiction are not so musty after all, but are quite as amazingly human, and in their humanity as astoundingly "up-to-date," as loving, lovable, tiresome and sinning as any character created by the latest lending-library successes.

Personally, I would fly a thousand miles from any book which, I was told, would "improve my mind." Because my mind is my own and I claim its right to receive its own impressions.

But I would gladly fly two thousand miles from some of those books, and the average kind of books, pressed upon me as peculiarly suitable for my holidays.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Bad Temper is often an Early Sign.

Nervous exhaustion is often the cause of great unhappiness, because the sufferer and his friends do not recognise it as an ailment. To them, and even to himself, he seems merely ill-tempered, cranky, and irritable.

The peevishness for which women and girls are often blamed is not their fault: it is their misfortune. Their nerves are all "on edge." The least shock, a sudden noise or even being spoken to unawares causes real suffering, and no one ought to be surprised if hasty words are the result. But those do not mean bad temper: they mean starved, exhausted nerves.

Headaches, low spirits, poor appetite, weariness and lack of energy go with them, and the cure is wonderfully easy. The whole essence of it is that starved nerves need special food—Dr. Williams' pink pills. By their wonderful blood-making qualities, they do wonders: nervous men and women become calm, steady, energetic, strong under their influence. New blood is what does the work. To obtain it, get Dr. Williams' pink pills from the chemist or send 3s. 6d. to address below for a box post free. They give new vitality—almost more.

FREE.—A booklet on the home treatment of nervous disorders will be sent free of charge to all who write to Postal Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.—(Adv.)



"If you long for a long drink and a cool one, try a dash of Montserrat Cordial in water. If you like it with a 'kick,' a dash of Montserrat Cordial in gin and soda, gives you the finest pick-me-up ever heat-wilted mortal dreamed of. 'Dash it,' next drink, with

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LIME JUICE

Pressed only from cultivated limes, Montserrat Lime Juice is admittedly first for purity and flavour. The Cordial blends perfectly with water, soda or spirits. Ask your grocer or chemist for

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CORDIAL & UNSWEETENED

LIME JUICE

Delicious and Economical

"Palm"

4ozs 4d. Toffee



A Big Call for Sandwiches.

For picnics up the river, for a day's golf or fishing, for tennis teas, on a hundred and one summer days, the call is for sandwiches.

Sandwiches mean Sailor Savouries. Not only are they by far the most appetizing of potted meats, but their purity is certified by the makers to the extent of a £500 guarantee. Whenever you want a lunch or tea easy to carry, and delightful to eat, call in Sailor Savouries to help you.

Made in the following eight delicious varieties, all warranted true to description:—Chicken & Ham; Ham & Tongue; Bloaters; Salmon & Anchovy; Turkey & Tongue; Salmon & Shrimp; Chicken, Ham & Tongue; Lobster.

If you cannot obtain Sailor Savouries, send 10d., with your Grocer's name and address, and we will send you a full-sized jar, post free.

SAILOR SAVOURIES

The name "ANGUS WATSON" on any ready-to-eat food means the best of its kind.

N.B.—Each jar is enclosed in a sun-proof carton, which protects it from light, heat, and dust.

ANGUS WATSON & CO. LTD.,
40 ELLISON BUILDINGS,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



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ELEGANCE WITH COMFORT

IT is an achievement to embody style in a shoe. It is also an achievement to embody comfort in it. But it is a triumph to combine the two, as in the famous "Bective" Shoes.

ASK FOR

"Bective"

THE QUALITY SHOE



Style 8.
Lady's Black Glace Shoe, with patent toe cap and band, Louis heel and smart medium toe. **31/6**
Also in Nigger Glace.
Also in Patent Leather ... 31/6
Nigger, Grey and Black Suede ... 35/-

Write "Bective," Northampton, for nearest Agent.



Velma

the flavourite!

Dainty, refreshing morsels, separately wrapped — untouched by hand until they reach you. Flavour made Velma famous 20 years ago; it has baffled experts and delighted millions ever since. Say Velma for flavour, and to keep you going!

Full Sizes, 4d., 8d. & 1/4.

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The cream-of
Swiss-Milk
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Suchard's latest
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Look for the Gold Corner



A Luxury—Plain or Buttered

If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Youma," send us a postcard and we will send you the name and address of your nearest baker who sells it. YOUMA (England), Ltd., Baltic House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3



Sir Napier Burnett, whose report on the provincial hospitals shows that they are at last in an encouraging position.



Mr. Beliol Holloway, who will play leading parts in the Stratford-on-Avon summer festival commencing tomorrow.

AT DORCHESTER.

The Longleat Party—Next Week's Wedding—Passing Through Paris.

THE PRINCE OF WALES lunches to-day with Mr. Thomas Hardy at Dorchester, and thus honours the outstanding literary figure of our time. Max Gate, where the aged author leads a very secluded life, is a pleasant old house situate in the Prince's own manor of Fordington. The house is surrounded by trees so that only the chimney tops can be seen from the road. Publicity, to use his own words on the subject, has always been "very distressing" to Mr. Hardy.

Veterans of Letters.

Sir George Trevelyan, who is eighty-five to-day, is one of the oldest of our men of letters, being a few months older than Lord Morley of Blackburn, and two years older than Mr. Thomas Hardy. His life of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, is commonly reckoned the best biography in the English language with the single exception of Boswell's "Johnson"; and he has also written some brilliant historical monographs. Oscar Browning ("the O.B.") is eighteen months older than Sir George.

A New Title.

At Epping Forest, yesterday, while the Duke and Duchess of York were surrounded by happy holiday children, a little girl on the edge of the crowd wept copiously and would not be comforted. "I'm so dis-appointed," she wailed. "I want to see the D-D-Duchess of New York."

Women Undergraduates.

The Hon. Olivia Harcourt, who is shortly to be married, was a woman undergraduate at Oxford, and was one of the first to wear cap and gown after female students had been given official recognition. I understand, by the way, that "woman undergraduate" is the correct university term and that "undergraduate" was never given a moment's countenance.

The Kilt at the "Highland."

A conspicuous feature of the Highland Show—the Scottish farmers' annual gala—being held at Inverness this week is, I hear, a revival in the wearing of the tartan. Two Scottish stalwarts, the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, friend and host of royalty, and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., are "running the show," and both have a liking for the kilt.

A Hidden Treasure.

Here is a little problem for my readers: Find the buried quotation from Homer—I say "buried" because it is given neither in Greek nor in inverted commas—in the Prince of Wales' address to the Royal Asiatic Society.

Longleat House Party.

The Marquis of Bath will have only a small house party to meet the Prince of Wales at Longleat. Among those invited are the Marquis and Marchioness of Northampton, Lady Patricia Herbert, Miss Pamela Beckett, Sir Lionel Halsey, and Lady Alexandra Curzon. The latter is the Marquis Curzon's youngest daughter, who is a great friend of Lady Mary Thynne.

Lady Bath.

The Marchioness of Bath is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., and her wedding was in 1890. She spends the greater part of her time in the country, and is interested in a village shoemaking industry. She is a Christian Scientist. Longleat is a magnificent old house, and has over 900 windows. The grounds are famous for an avenue of limes.



Lady Alexandra Curzon.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Welsh M.P.'s Death.

The death of Mr. T. A. Lewis, M.P. for the University of Wales, was a shock to his many friends at the House of Commons. He was at the House as recently as Monday, and then seemed in the best of spirits. He leaves a widow and daughter. The National Liberals last night passed a resolution of sympathy with Mrs. Lewis, and several old colleagues paid tributes of admiration to his memory.

Singapore Wasto.

The question of the new naval base at Singapore was raised during the debate on an Admiralty vote in the Commons yesterday. Most taxpayers feel that such a scheme is a waste of the Empire's money in these hard times. And, moreover, experts advance cogent reasons against the plan. Commander Kenworthy last night ridiculed the idea that the base would cost us ten millions. His view was that we should not get out of it under fifty millions! Most of us, I am afraid, have a premonition that Singapore, once begun, will duly appear in supplementary estimates.

"Jack" Cowans' Biographers.

The announcement that a life of Sir John Cowans is to be written has created some talk in the clubs. The men who are to write the biography are Major Owen Rutter, who married a niece of Lord Younger, and Colonel Chapman Huston, a popular member of the Carlton Club, and an old friend of Jack Cowans.

The Aristocratic Air.

If there was an aristocracy of the stage, then Mr. Allan Aynesworth surely belongs to it. One realises this more than ever when one sees him off the stage, which is seldom. But he was at the first performance of "Reckless Reggie" at the Globe, looking very handsome and dignified, with hair almost white, and a manner that somehow suggested regal purple.



Mr. Aynesworth.

ess of Braithwaite," and those who know that gifted lady will recognise the description as not inapt. Miss Braithwaite has many social activities.

Al Fresco Breakfasts.

Why, I wonder, do not visitors to London seize the chance of taking breakfast in the open air occasionally? The tea houses in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have always been ready to serve this meal from nine o'clock onwards. Last year the latter advertised the fact on the elm trees that shade its tables. But no one came, and passing early yesterday morning I observed the useless appeal had been abandoned.

Louis Calvert.

The late Louis Calvert was better known to the last generation of actors than to the present. Playgoers, however, whose memories carry them back to the days when he was playing Broadbent in "John Bull's Other Island" and Touchstone in "Rosalind" will cherish grateful recollections of him. His own book, "An Actor's Calling," is an evidence of the seriousness with which he regarded the profession of an actor.

At St. Margaret's.

A July wedding likely to draw a crowd of fashionable folk will be that on Thursday next week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Miss Leila Seely and Mr. Thomas Brand. The bride, a good-looking girl of twenty-two, is daughter of Colonel Frank Seely, of Ramsdale Park, Notts, and niece of Sir Charles and General "Jack" Seely, while Mr. Brand is eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Hampden.

Notable Abbey Weddings.

It is interesting to recall that Mr. Brand's parents were married at Westminster, in the Abbey, in April, 1899, where just before the even more imposing bridal of Lord and Lady Crewe had taken place. Lady Hampden was Lady Katherine Scott, daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

Familiarity at Lord's.

Lord's yesterday was full of schoolboys, and I hope it isn't true that some of them were playing truant in order to see the Gentlemen v. Players match. Their presence lent an air of levity to this usually dignified enclosure. Mr. P. G. H. Fender was advised to "Go it, Percy!" an admonition which would not ruffle him, for at the Oval the vulgar little boys of South London refer to him vociferously as "Good old Percy."

Honeycomb in the States.

Captain Reginald Terrell, M.P., and his pretty bride have left London and are on their way to New York. Earl Cadogan is among the well-known people travelling on the same boat, and so is Miss Mary Landon Baker, known to two Continents as the "shy bride." Miss Baker, my Southampton correspondent says, is petite and a brunette. She has a winning smile, but is a little nervous in her manner with strangers.

After Many Years.

Mr. George Arliss, who is coming to London to appear in Mr. William Archer's "The Green Goddess," is not, as has been stated, an American actor, but a Londoner, though he has been in America almost continuously since he went there with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1901. His most successful parts in London were Cayley Drummond in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the Duke in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

Napoleon's Willow.

Napoleon at St. Helena used to sit under a fine willow tree, a slip from which was brought to England and planted by the lake at Kew. It is now a handsome specimen, and at this season of the year is very beautiful and much admired by visitors to the gardens. But what has become of a similar Napoleon's willow which used to stand in the little garden of the Roebuck Hotel on Richmond Hill? All trace of it is gone, and when I inquired the other day I found no one who knew what had happened to it.



90% of the Diseases which Flesh is heir to START in the MOUTH

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daily and reduce your risk to 10%.

To gargle daily with a diluted solution of "SANITAS" is to protect yourself effectively from all contagion. If your throat feels sore or husky, if your mouth is dry and hot, whenever you experience that feeling of "a cold coming on," gargle at once with "SANITAS."

San 6-65

THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD., LONDON, E. 14.
Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. The King.

THE CHILDREN'S SPORTS DAY AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA

M.C.'s PRETTY



The "field" during the race for girls between the ages of seven and eleven over streamer-strewn ground.



Jackie Shoesmith (left), winner of the first prize for babies under six months old, and Patricia Samuels, first prize winner in the under twelve months section at the Baby Show.



Colin Swanson, aged fourteen months, another prizewinner.



The needle and thread race for boy and girl partners was an event calling for the exercise of great patience.

Children's sports at Egerton Park were the feature yesterday of the National Fire Brigade fête at Bexhill-on-Sea. There were plenty of keen little competitors in the different events, and a baby show completed the programme.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Earl of Carendon, appointed by the King to be Speaker of the House of Lords during the absence through illness of the Lord Chancellor.

Captain Den...
Miss Honor...
Brompton...
attendants...
The cen...

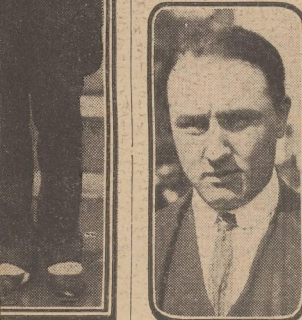


SUMMER HAT FASHIONS.—Left, a with silver tissue and green ribbon decoration upon sil

LONDON WEDDING



P4140V



and his bride, Holy Trinity, de's train of ling yesterday. pretty one.

Albert Ditten, a Clerkewell stallkeeper, who has been presented with a silver medal for rescuing four horses and a donkey from a fire.



broche satin in green and silver trimmed of grey crepe de Chine which relies for and beneath the brim.

THE DUKE OF YORK VISITS THE FRESH AIR FUND



The Duke and Duchess of York with Sir Neville Pearson among the children in the forest during their visit.



OBSERVATORY GARDEN PARTY.—Guests on the top of the Observatory roof at the garden party given at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in aid of the Seaman's Hospital.



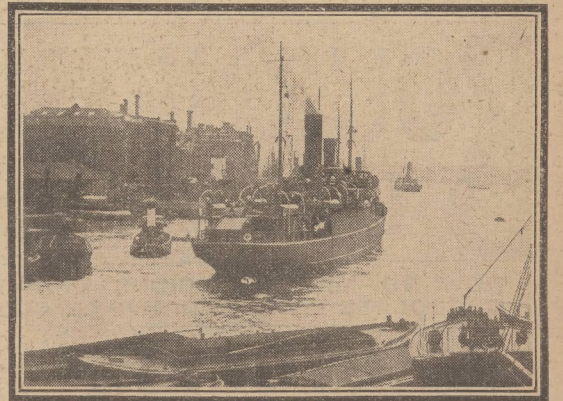
P8674J

The Duchess of York at the coconut shy at Loughton, Essex, yesterday, when, with the Duke, she paid a visit to the Fresh Air Fund. The Duchess succeeded in knocking down a coconut.



P2248 F

AT SUSSEX SHOW.—Miss Kitty Price, on Banty, clearing the five-barred gate in the jumping competitions at the Sussex Agricultural Show, now being held at Horsham.



LONDON'S LOST CARGOES.—The steamer Woodcock going down the Thames near Tower Bridge and making for Edinburgh without having unloaded her cargo for London on account of the dock strike.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

'MARBLE-FLICKING' CHAMPION.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I was present the other night at a very interesting dart competition held in Kent—you will read about it in another part of to-day's paper—and I thought at the time how interesting it would be if we could hold some competitions for the simple games and sports you play.

For instance, we might have a great marbles contest to find out who is the most expert marble-flicker in the country. It would be a great thing for a boy to say he was the marbles champion of Great Britain!

There might also be a competition for the best top-spinning. Some youngsters can spin a top so dexterously that it will revolve for two or three minutes. Who is the champion top-

spinner, I wonder? Would you like to compete for such an honour?

There are numerous competitions which might be arranged for girls. What about skipping? A skipping competition should be quite thrilling to watch.

If we could only all meet together I am sure we could hold a sort of junior Olympic Games meeting, at which contests in every game and pastime could be arranged.

We might even have a "snakes and ladders" or a ludo competition for the seven-year-olds! These games, however, are not, so I believe, games of skill, but simply of chance. All the same, such a competition would be great fun to watch.

I think I shall train for the next darts contest. Perhaps I shall be a champion—who knows?

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

THRILLS IN MALAY.

Hunting a Crocodile with a Soda-Water Bottle!

I HAVE received a most terrifically exciting letter from Eunice Wheatley, one of my nieces who lives in Penang, which is far away in Malay. The story is best told in her own words.

"One evening we were in a sampan (a native boat)," she writes, "and we saw a huge crocodile lying in the mud. We went quite close to it, but it did not move, and one of the men took an empty soda-water bottle and threw it at the crocodile. It gave such a leap into the air, and fell into the water!"

"As we went further up the mudbank there were three more lying in the mud, but we were too scared to go near, as we had no firearms. This sort of hunting must appear very tame to you, but it was very exciting to us."

"I think it would have been exciting to me, too, Eunice. Throwing soda-water bottles at crocodiles must be thrilling sport!"

A few days ago," continues Eunice, "some Malays were in a boat up the Krian River, not far from here, when a huge crocodile, seventeen-and-a-half feet long, placed its fore-feet on the gunwhale of the boat! The Malays were determined to catch this crocodile, and were successful."

"On opening it, twelve dog-collars, some even with metal licence badges, were found inside!"

You can see what the crocodile had been having for dinner. Poor doggies!

TWO FUNNY PEOPLE.

There was an old fellow of Lee, And a very strange fellow was he.

He'd eat slices of ham Spread with gooseberry jam, And he always took salt in his tea.

There was a young lady of Ryle, And so wildly she sobbed and she cried,

That the people around Were quite shocked at the sound.

For they knew she could smile if she tried.

TELL IT TO DADDY.

Teacher (to first row boy): What is your name?

First Boy: Please, it's Jule.

Teacher: You mustn't say Jule; you must say Julius. (To next boy) And your name?

Second Boy: Bitious!

May was sneezing, and auntie exclaimed: "Good gracious, my child, what a bad cold you have!"

"No, it's a very good cold," replied the little maiden; "it's keeping me away from school!"



Lighter Meals for Warmer Days

The days of sunshine call for lighter meals—cool, dainty dishes, light yet nourishing. Cerebos Blanc Mange is such a dish—at once wholesome and delicious, creamy and delightfully flavoured. An ideal sweet, indeed, for warmer days—and so easy to prepare.

Cerebos Blanc Mange



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CLACTON 6.

Special Cheap Day Trips by "London Belle" to Southend and Margate, allowing four hours ashore at Margate. Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. Return Fare (available day of issue only): Margate 6s., Southend 4s., Leaving Greenwich 8 a.m., Woolwich 8.30 a.m., Southend 10.30 a.m. Arrive, Margate 12.30 p.m.

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INDIAN MANGO

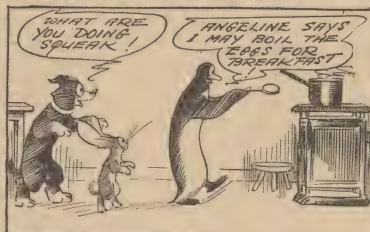
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Tom Man

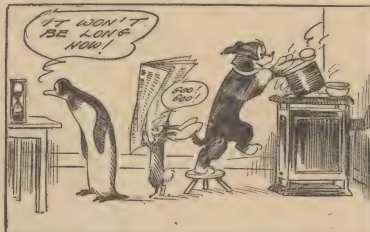
SQUEAK BOILS THE EGGS BUT THEY DISAPPEAR.



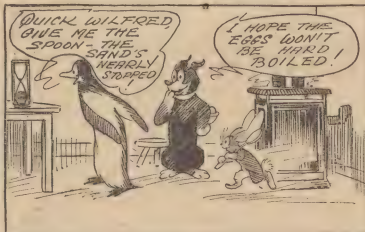
1. Squeak was very proud yesterday when Angelina told her to boil the breakfast eggs.



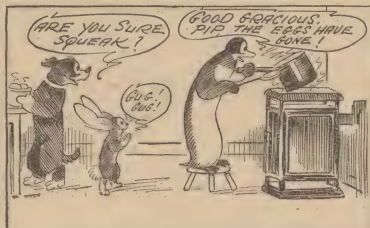
2. She put the eggs in the saucepan, and then hurried to watch the "egg-boiler."



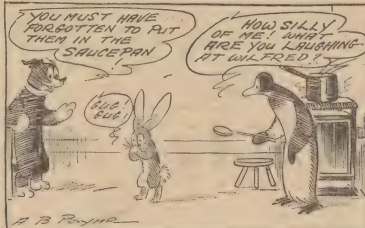
3. Under cover of a newspaper, however, held up by Wilfred, Pip removed the eggs.



4. When the sand in the "egg-boiler" had run through Squeak hurried to take out the eggs.



5. She found to her horror that the eggs had disappeared! Wilfred began to chuckle.



6. Poor Squeak was quite puzzled—and she could not make out why the little rabbit was laughing!

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How the Egyptian Women Avoid Freckles,
Painful Sunburn, Dried Out Skins
and Blotchy Complexions

Few women can stand the strong light and heated rays of the hot summer sun without getting freckles and other complexion blemishes and their skins becoming dried out, tough and leathery. Sensitive skins often become so painfully sunburned that the delicate texture of the skin is ruined for ever, giving it a coarse and ugly appearance. It has long been a mystery how the Egyptian women could possibly have such soft, clear, smooth skins and fresh, fascinating complexions without a sign of freckles in spite of the hot, parching rays of an Egyptian sun. The discovery of the Kijja formula in old Egypt offers perhaps the first satisfactory explanation. Kijja gives a marvellous beauty to the skin and complexion even on the hottest days. It seems to dispel freckles as if by magic. Women whose faces have a tendency towards excessive perspiration and whose noses become shiny should apply Kijja in the mornings before going out. It is applied in a minute and retains its smooth, velvety appearance throughout the entire day. Kijja makes the skin look more like the smooth, unblemished skin on the belly or like the soft, fresh skin of girlish.



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LADIES' MIRROR

SEASIDE FANCIES—THE VANITY FAN.

TO look better than her best, supply a vivid note of colour wherever she may be, and at the same time protect her eyes and complexion from the strong sea glare, is the holiday girl's ambition. So she pins her faith to one of the deliciously coloured Japanese sunshades, which only cost three or four shillings, and it doesn't matter much if they do drop into the water or get torn on the last day of the holidays.

QUITE FETCHING.

Those with gaily-coloured birds and flowers on a black ground are always attractive, and so are the orange lanterns swinging against a deep sea-blue ground. It is considered rather fetching to tie up one's head in a silk handkerchief that matches in colour and design the sunshade you are carrying. But you mustn't swathe the handkerchief turban-wise, with a long drooping end, or tie it gipsy fashion. This method is now considered too banal for anything. Instead, you tie it into a large loose bow at the back of the head, bringing each loop forward and pinning it over either ear.



Ribbon hats are never out of fashion for long, and this one is entirely trimmed by an arrangement of fluted ribbon.

COLOURED INVASION

The smartest baby will have the brightest coloured bathing suit this August—nicest of all months in which to visit the seaside because the holiday baby has claimed it for its own. You'll see them swarming over the honey-coloured sands in scarlets, petunias, jades, lemons and orange, with an appliqué "Mary and her little lamb" right over the heart, just where daddy has his swimming club badge.

SO COSY.

And after they've investigated that fascinating crinkly green line of sea and got all nicely wet

and sandy, there are jolly bunny dressing-gowns to slip on. These are made of white, brown or grey blanket cloth, camel's hair or duvetyne, with an absurd little fluffy tail of wool and a hood that you can pull over the head decorated with two bunny ears. So cosy to snuggle into the waves while nurse dispenses buns and hot milk from the picnic basket. You'll never hear a scolding growl-up voice exclaim, "Where is your dressing-gown?" If you possess a bunny rabbit one.

BROTHERS NOW.

We have had five different sister turns, beginning with the famous Dollys, within the past year or so, and now it's to be brothers. The first arrivals are the Rath Brothers, who are joining the Music Box Revue next Monday. Their performance is said to be graceful and attractive, and they are firm favourites in New York. I wonder if cousins are already signing contracts.

FOR THE THEATRE.

Talking of this quite naturally reminds me of the new theatre fan I was shown recently. Set in the mother-of-pearl handle is a mirror, so that you can not only study your expression and ascertain that your fringe is lying nice and flatly all the time you are idly fanning yourself, but see who is sitting behind you without the trouble of turning round. There's a concealed powder-puff, of course, and a wisp of chamomile leather so treated to remove all evidence of emotion should the play prove an affecting one. This certainly saves stumbling over a row of feet on your way to the cloakroom or to the first disengaged mirror—but does anyone weep at theatres nowadays?

PHILLIDA.



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WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By
VALENTINE



The barrister told of John Smith's love for Peggy, his hopes for the future, and of the sudden ruthless dashing of his cup of happiness to the ground by the disclosure of his parentage.

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

JOHN SMITH, a clean-living, wholesome young Englishman, is running a curio shop for a comrade injured in the war, when one day he is able to save a pretty girl from a taxi-cab accident. She proves to be Peggy Chelsfield, only daughter of Dr. Chelsfield, a kindly man, who thanks John Smith warmly for his services.

Reginald Sturry, heir to a baronetcy, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields. He is jealous when he sees the ripening intimacy between Smith and Peggy, and, proposing to Peggy, is refused. A remark let fall by Peggy's uncle, Sir Martin Wyvold, K.C., suggests the existence of something discreditable in John Smith's past, and Sturry cunningly makes inquiries and gets on the track of the truth.

In the old-world Devon home of John's aunts, Mary and Rebecca Tuson, it transpires that John is the son of John Parman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release.

John has been kept in complete ignorance of this, and he is at his aunts' house when his father unexpectedly returns. The old ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret, and are much dismayed when John takes a liking to him and gives him employment in his shop.

A quarrel arises between John Smith and Sturry, when the latter states that John's father was a criminal and was responsible for Dr. Chelsfield's financial ruin in earlier years. John cannot now in honour ask permission to marry Peggy, although he loves her desperately. Nevertheless, he feels compelled to acquaint his partner, Jo Robbins, with the truth, and also their new employee. His father, masquerading as Mr. Robertson, listens to the story with anguish.

THE GOOD COMRADES.

NOT a muscle of Jo Robbins' face moved as John Smith's voice trailed miserably away, but his reply came readily enough, and in it there was almost a note of defiance.

"Well, cap'n," he inquired, "and what business is it of ours?"

"My dear chap—" began the other, but the little Cockney broke in swiftly.

"Cap'n," he said, "there's things in a partnership worth concerning one partner and as much as another, and there's things that don't. This is one that don't. It ain't, o' course, for me to speak for Daddy 'ere," indicating the old man who sat by his side motionless, immovable, "but I reckon I know wot's namin' thro' my brain-box. But speakin' for meself it wouldn't worry me a row o' blinkin' buttons if you told me you 'ad the whole of the Newgate Calendar for your family tree. So much more credit to you for bein' what you are, I sez!"

As John Smith raised his eyes and saw the simple earnestness shining out of the little Cockney's face he put his hand out.

"Robbins," he said unsteadily, "it's wonderful of you to say this, but do you realise—"

"I realise everything," was the stubborn answer. "And I remind you, cap'n, as one partner to another, that I've got your signature on a bit o' parchment sayin' that you and I agree to carry on this blinkin' place fifty-fifty, and therefore if you starts talkin' to me about breakin' contracts," there was a suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, "I shall be—reluctantly compelled to place the matter in the 'ands of my solicitor. Or, correct, Daddy?" he asked, turning to old John Robertson.

"Every word," murmured the old man, but his voice was the voice of a man in a dream. "Mr. Smith, when you come on, with an awakening eagerness pitiful to see, 'you won't leave us; you won't ask us to leave you! I am an old man, and you have befriended me where no others would. Let me stay with you, too, and help you to bear your sorrow. I want no money, give me just my food, but let me stay with you. That is all I ask!"

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

John Smith got up from his chair, his lips working. For the first time since the terrible revelation of a week ago a little ray of warm life-giving sunshine seemed to have appeared, giving him something which to live, something to carry him along through the dark days ahead.

Controlling himself with an effort, he turned, putting out a hand to each of the two who sat there with anxious eyes fixed on him. "I haven't deserved such kindness," he said, "but you've both given me something to live for. I can't say any more—the words won't come just now. It shall be as you say. We'll carry on—together!"

For several days following the fearful night of the dance Reginald Sturry kept rigidly clear of Whiteholme Cottage. Truth to tell, he was a little nervous, being there, being uncertain of what had taken place.

But after careful deliberation he decided that the wisest thing was to go up and find out exactly what had happened, and lay his plans accordingly.

Therefore he put down himself at Whiteholme Cottage, where Mrs. Chelsfield, alone in the drawing-room, greeted him effusively. "Why, no! I never saw him except here, I dear lady," he said, with well-assumed surprise. "That's just it, Reggie," said Peggy and her husband are out. Tell me, have you seen anything of that Mr. Smith lately?"

"I saw him, of course, at the Bournefields' dance, and I gathered, entre nous, that he and your little daughter were on—what shall we say?—very excellent terms."

"That's just it, Reggie," she lowered her voice confidentially. "And it caused me the pain that a mother would naturally feel under the circumstances."

Sturry nodded sympathetically. "I quite understand," he murmured. "A mésalliance—after all it would be, wouldn't it?"

"But, my dear Reggie, something's happened and we none of us know what it is; and Peggy refuses to speak! That's what's so worrying, and I hoped you could help me. This uncertainty you know, it's simply killing me!"

Sturry listened as she related to him all that had taken place since the night of the dance, gaining considerable satisfaction as the story proceeded.

"So, you see, it's impossible to say what's happened, and it's all very disquieting. You don't think you could tackle Peggy on the subject, do you? Possibly she might tell you where she won't tell us. She's always liked you, you know, Reggie."

"I don't think I'd better attempt to question her," said Sturry, after a moment's thought. "You see, she might very naturally resent it. At the same time if she is as miserable as you say I should naturally like to try and cheer her up—just as an old friend."

"How sweet of you," purred Mrs. Chelsfield. "Just as an old friend! If you could rouse her—she's very young, you know, and, like girls of her age, very impressionable. It's very dear of course, and my heart bleeds for her, but we must try and rouse her, mustn't we? It's our duty, and it's always comforting to do one's duty, even if it's unpleasant, isn't it?"

Later on Peggy and her father came in, and the four had tea together. During the meal Sturry watched the girl very closely, and could see that she was very much changed. She seemed to him to have lost all her old spontaneity, all the wonderful joy of life which had been her chief characteristic.

Before he left he mentioned the fact that he had a box at the theatre that evening and would be charmed if the three of them would join him. Mrs. Chelsfield welcomed the proposal with alacrity, but the doctor glanced dubiously at Peggy.

"Yes, certainly, daddy, if you like," she said, but there was no trace of enthusiasm in her voice.

"They tell me it's a charming piece," rushed Mrs. Chelsfield. "You'll simply love it, Peggy."

"I'm quite willing, mother, if you'd like me to go."

"Then that's settled, Reggie. Where shall we meet?"

A few moments later Sturry got the opportunity he had been looking for. The doctor was called away to a patient, and Mrs. Chelsfield, begging them to excuse her, got up and left the room. For a minute or two there was silence. Then Sturry spoke.

"I can see that there is something worrying you, Peggy," he said, and his voice was as soft as his manner, "but, believe me, I shouldn't presume to inquire what it is. Still, because you and I are old friends, I do hope—er—that you will forget anything I said or did some—er—weeks ago. And if I can help you at any time, for all his well-chosen words he seemed curiously hesitating—just as a friend, don't you know, I shall—er—be only too proud to do so." Peggy lifted her blue eyes to his.

"Thank you, Reggie," she said simply. "It's very sweet of you. I shall always look upon you as a friend."

Sturry left the house soon after, smiling thoughtfully to himself.

"Patience, Reggie, my lad," he murmured to himself as he strolled down the street. "Patience—and perseverance. That's all that's wanted. Time will do the rest."

THE COMPACT.

SIR MARTIN WYVOLD sat in his chambers. So engrossed was he in his work that even the knock on his door failed to rouse him, and it was not until it had been repeated twice that he looked up irritably.

"Come in," he said. Then, "What is it, Jack's! Didn't I tell you I wasn't to be interrupted?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk apologetically, "but there's a fellow of the name of Robbins outside, sir, and we simply can't make him go. He says he intends to see you and he'll wait here if necessary all day."

"Robbins, Robbins? What the deuce does he want?"

"I don't know, sir, he won't tell me. All he says is that you know his partner, John Smith."

The barrister looked up sharply. "Show him in," he said after a moment's pause. "I can spare him a few minutes."

"Very good, sir."

Jo Robbins came nervously into the room. Despite the cheap clothes, the nervous manner, a certain fearlessness, a something almost like defiance shone in those steady bright eyes. Remembering all that John Smith had told him about his partner, the barrister put out his hand to the visitor. He was interested in the moment, and he wanted to put him at his ease.

"Are you Jo Robbins? I'm glad to meet you," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said the little man, taking a chair and sitting on the extreme edge of it. "In a manner of speakin', sir, I am the cap'n's partner—e was my cap'n's once and always will be, o' course, I've got no business to be 'is partner, sir, bein' only a workin' man and im—"

By this time Robbins was obviously floundering, and the K.C., with a reassuring smile, came to his help.

"Let me see if I can clear the air for you, Robbins," he said, for with his quick perception he had guessed at once the object of the other's visit. "Something's gone wrong with Mr. Smith and you're very worried about him. He's spoken about me, perhaps, and so you've come to see if I can help you. Am I right?"

"Abso-lutely, sir," came the answer in awestruck tones. "If I 'ad told you meself you couldn't 'ave got it more pat."

"Well, don't let's worry about that," said the barrister, smiling. "I'd like to tell you off-hand that I've got a very high opinion of your partner, Mr. Smith, and I'd gladly do anything I could to help him. Now, why not try a cigarette and let's have a chat about him?" K.C. sat there in his chair, his hands resting on his sides, finger-tips tightly pressed together, eyes half closed, while the other man talked.

Several times the little Cockney thought that the barrister was almost dozing, was paying no attention, but, once started, a certain awe and a certain stubborn determination to tell his whole story kept him going. Peggy, her father, old John Robertson, all were mentioned in his narrative told in his simple rough fashion. Though he never said it in so many words, he gave his listener to understand that it was Peggy on whom the whole case revolved, and it was Peggy, really, who was the present cause of John Smith's real misery, but he made no sort of imputation against her, speaking of her as some, one very wonderful, almost outside his ken. He wound up with a very contrite apology for having said so much.

Then the K.C. opened his eyes. "Robbins," he said, "I'm very much obliged to you for your frankness and I'm going to return the compliment by taking you into my confidence."

He went on to tell of John Smith's love for Peggy, his hopes for the future, and of the sudden ruthless dashing of his cup of happiness to the ground by the disclosure of his parentage.

"So, Robbins," concluded Sir Martin, "you know exactly as much as I do, though neither of us can tell how it is all going to end. Let me tell you one thing, and that is that I haven't given up all hope. For the moment, though, I want you to do absolutely nothing at all. You know what John Smith doesn't know, that John Robertson is his father; you know what Miss Chelsfield doesn't know, the reason why he won't go near her and her mother, the secret jealousy, Robbins, if you want to help your partner, and if any fresh complications arise, or any fresh developments occur, bring them straight to me."

He put out his hand to the little man, and shook hands warmly.

"Let me thank you, Robbins," he said, "for coming to me. Who knows but what, between us, we may manage to straighten this matter out?"

(Another fine instalment to-morrow.)

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4/11
Crepe Twist, per hank.

From leading West End Houses and Drapers throughout the country.

In the semi-final of the women's foundation tournament at Roehampton, Rabbits beat Lympne by six goals to four.

'BOOKMAKERS' PROFIT

ONLY 2½ PER CENT.

Odds, Says Official.

"After all, the bookmaker is only a shopkeeper." The average profit on betting turnover is about 2 1/2 per cent," said Mr. George Yates, secretary of the Northern Branch of the Bookmakers and Backers' Racecourse Protection Society, giving evidence before the Committee on Betting yesterday.

The Chairman: You would much prefer to be left alone?—Certainly. A 10 per cent. tax on the amount staked is impossible.

In betting each year was £116,048,000, made up as follows:—Course betting, £25,728,000; office starting price betting, £64,320,000; street betting, £26,000,000. He estimated that there were 5,000 street bookmakers all over the country.

Mr. Alfred Heathorn, bookmaker, of Piccadilly, said his percentage of bad debts was about 20 per cent. of the winnings.

BOOKMAKERS' PROFITS.
If tickets were issued it would probably mean that he would confine his business to credit betting. Stamped tickets might curtail his business 33 per cent.
If a tax were put on betting, Mr. Heathorn

"Canon Green, in giving evidence, has said that out of every £70 the bookmakers make £50," remarked Sir Alfred Butt. "What is your evidence, Sir Alfred Butt?"

"It is preposterous," replied Mr. Heathorn.

Mr. Joseph Marshall, secretary for twenty-

produced the objects of the league, one of which caused great laughter. It was: "To protect all kinds of sport from the attacks made upon them."

from time to time by faddists, even outside Parliament."

The average working-man who betted did not lose is, a week or £2 a year, said Mr. Marshall.

HAPPY EVENT.

**News Communicated to the Yugo-Slav
Cabinet by Premier.**

BELGRADE, Thursday.
At today's Cabinet Council the Premier com-

event was to be expected in the royal household within the next two months.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING

LONDON (369 metres).—11.30, Mr. Herbert E. Craymer (bass); 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's stories; 7, news; 7.15, talk, Mr. Appleby Mathews, "Future of Music in Wireless"; 7.45, Mr. H. G. Tyrwhitt Drake on his ride to York; 8, orchestra, Mr. Noel Fleming (tenor), orchestra, Mr. A. Hutson (humorist), orchestra; Miss Barbara Boddy (contralto); 9, talk, Mr. Allen S. Walker, "South-

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—3.30, Orchestral Trio, Miss Dorothy Powell (piano solo); 5.30, women's talk; 6. children's talk; 7.30, Irish Guard.

Band; 8, news; 8.45, talk, Mr. G. F. J. Buvington, "Intensive Poultry Culture"; 9, Mr. Geoffrey Dams (songs); 9.15, Mr. Raymond Green (entertainment).

CARDIFF (353 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema. Orchestra; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, orchestra; 7.10, chat on "Astronomy" (Mr. S. Shurmer); 7.20, Mr. Hilary Evans (piccolo solo).

7.25, chat on "Wireless for Amateurs" (Mr. C. H. Durrant); 7.35, orchestra; 7.50, news; 8.30, orchestra, news.

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—3.30, Orchestral Trio. Miss Dorothy Powell (piano solo): 5.30.

women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7.30, Irish Guards Band; 8, news; 8.45, talk, Mr. G. F. J. Buvington, "Intensive Poultry Culture"; 9, Mr. Geoffrey Dams (songs); 9.15, Mr. Raymond Green (entertainment); 9.30, Irish Guards Band; 10, music; 10.15, news.

CARDIFF (353 metres).—3.30, Capitol Cinema Orchestra; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 7, ...

orchestra; 7.10, chat on "Astronomy" (Mr. S. Shurmer); 7.20, Mr. Hilary Evans (piccolo solo); 7.25, chat on "Wireless for Amateurs" (Mr. C. H. Durrant); 7.35, orchestra; 7.50, news; 8.30, orchestra, news.

BUD FISHER.



HE ISN'T PARTICULARLY RICH IN CAST-OFF GARMENTS THAT MIGHT BE USED FOR SHOE-CLEANING

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Our famous penguin finds—



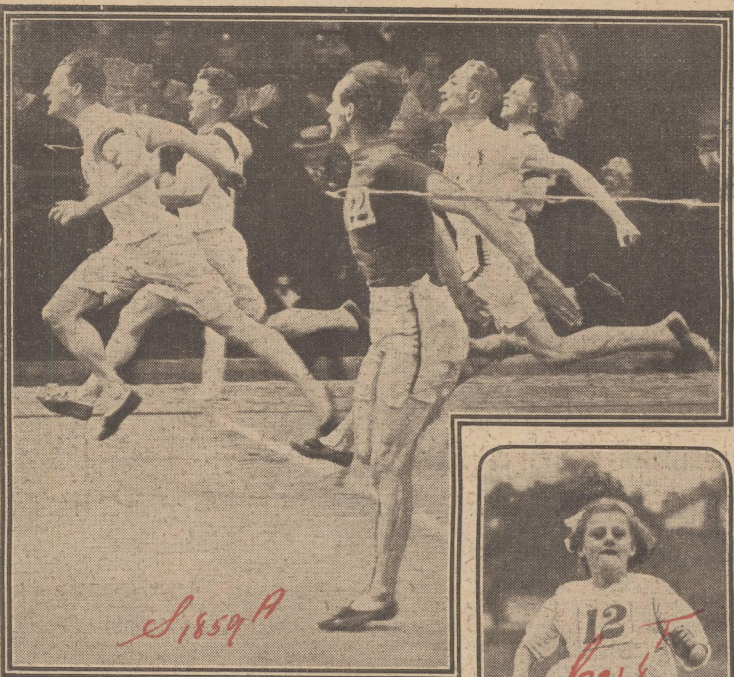
—egg-boiling quite difficult.

THE PRINCE WITH HIS TENANTS



The Prince of Wales chatting with the tenant of Inglescombe Farm during the Somersetshire portion of his tour in the West Country. He visited Inglescombe, Midsomer Norton, Farrington Gurney, and also went to Downside School, the well-known Roman Catholic College.

TWO STRONG FINISHES IN YESTERDAY'S SPORTS



The close finish to the semi-final of the 100 yards at the Army athletic championships now being held at Aldershot. The race was won by Lieutenant A. W. Brown (Suffolks).



Miss Smith winning girls' 100 yards at the public sports at Leyton.



NEXT WEEK'S BIG BOUT.—Augie Ratner, the boxer, putting a weighted ball during his training for his contest with Kid Lewis (inset) on July 30. Genuine photographs will appear in *The Daily Mirror*.



Two little girls offering a bouquet of flowers to Lady Ashcombe.



A happy first prize winner.

VILLAGE HOMES PRIZEGIVING.—Prize Day was held at the Princess Mary Village Homes for little girls at Addlestone, Surrey, yesterday. Lady Ashcombe distributed the awards to successful little residents at the homes.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)